

AMAZING STORIES

The Author has below started a series of extraordinary hypothetical stories which draw heavily upon the imagination but which pique the curiosity of the thinking reader, by projecting the reader several years into the future, when doubtless air travel will have practically supplanted land travel, when science will have achieved the "impossible" in effecting frequent and comparatively easy communication with the planet Mars, and when life will have become completely controlled by the limitless possibilities of scientific invention.

Not only are these stories ingenious but stimulate breath-taking thrills, by depicting the possibilities of life on the earth many years after the present generation has become extinct. The author has indeed a vivid and picturesque imagination and you must agree that he writes with astonishing reality.

LOVE ON MARS

By JOHN P. MOORE

PART TWO

BEGIN READING HERE:

S. Q. BRENT, well-known 21st century writer, is giving you a series of his impressions of the two vast black kingdoms which people the planet of Mars, which were discovered by H. S. Garner's epoch-making expedition, of which Brent was a member, and which left the earth aboard the eminent scientist's amazing "rocket ship" on the evening of September 8, A. D. 2030.

Upon completing the hazardous trip through vast ethereal spaces, a series of interesting incidents transpire. First, the expedition falls into the hands of a band of hostile little black, man-like creatures and they are taken forcibly to the Kingdom of Els, which they find built five hundred feet below the frigid surface of the strange planet, the narrow, crowded thoroughfares being roofed over with a glass-like material to seal out the cold.

It is finally decided to take these "four Pragian spys," as the expedition was taken for, to the palace of the Great One, presumably the king, and Messrs Brent, Turner, Brown, and Heaton are dragged out of their dark dungeon only to find themselves surrounded by a great milling mob of enraged Elsians, who yell lustily for their blood.

This spirit grows, with the result that the members of the expedition are finally taken from their protesting guards by about thirty of the mob and cast up and out of the kingdom, there to freeze to death on the planet's barren surface.

However, this particular portion of the mob turns out to be in reality, a squad of Pragian spys, and the next thing they know a great fish-shaped Pragian airship swoops down over the snow and they are carried off to the Kingdom of Pragus, where they are most enthusiastically received, and where, among other things, they learn why Martians speak the language of earthly man.

A thousand years before, the black scientists of Mars had invented a sort of receiving station—a monstrous thing, a thousand foot tower—which they had gradually perfected until now, with the aid of a sort of ear-phone, one could hear faint whisperings—words—whispered words from earth!



She stood there with the fingers of her right hand spread fan-like upon her breast, gasping.

THE CHAMBLER WAS in pitch darkness. The helium torch that had hung against the stone wall wasn't there. Nothing was there. No green-clad figure of an Eلسian captain met Sto's roving, aching eyes as he gradually regained consciousness.

SENSIBLE! SAFE! SURE!

Popular demand changed aspirin from a closely guarded secret of the medical profession, first compounded by an obscure country chemist, until today doctors and public alike know and have faith in aspirin and that faith has made aspirin the largest selling medicine in the world. There is one laboratory alone in Memphis, Tenn., which produced nine million boxes of pure aspirin last year and this aspirin, known the country over as St. Joseph's Pure Aspirin, is sold in convenient tins for 10c for a dozen tablets of guaranteed pure aspirin. Sensible economy and a sureness in its purity has directed thousands to demand only St. Joseph's Pure Aspirin which conforms to all government standards. It is generally known in medical circles that the manufacturers of St. Joseph's Pure Aspirin guarantee that it is as pure as money can buy.

Leaving the more scientific revelations to his scientific companions, Mr. Brent here goes on to tell us about Captain Pasog Igan Sto, wealthy young Pragian bachelor, with whom he became quite friendly, and who, on the occasion of one of Brent's visits to his apartment, told him the story of Ioane—beautifully dark Ioane, Ioane the illusive, Ioane the Man-hater, the "infant" of an Eلسian mother and Pragian father.

Some years before, at the end of the great Spite War between the two vast kingdoms, Captain Sto is walking along a dark thoroughfare in a deserted part of the Eلسian kingdom, when from above a knife falls at his feet. Upon closer inspection, it brings out the fact that it is of Eلسian manufacture. But the thing tied to its carved handle—ah!—it is, unmistakably, a Pragian ring of gold, the band of a weaker one, a woman.

Sto jumps to the conclusion that this is a sign of distress, that a woman of his beloved kingdom is in danger, and hurries inside and up the spiral steps of the dark structure, dart gun drawn.

High above the thoroughfare level the steps end in darkness and Sto hears the passionate voice of a man threatening a woman with death if she does not give in to his advances. He hears not give in to his advances. He hears the name of "Ioane" called and this stirs his memory, for he, too, has fallen in love with the beautiful half-breed woman of the eating places.

At a crucial moment Sto batters his way into the room and finds the woman of his heart confronted by an Eلسian captain. There follows a series of dramatic clashes. Finally, however, when Ioane screams and rushes for the door, the enraged Eلسian reaches into his pocket and then hurls something to the floor. Immediately the room fills with a sort of gas, and quite soon, the three of them are stretched out prone on the stone floor—an Eلسian captain, a Pragian captain, and a beautiful creature in untamed Martian womanhood, with the hot blood of two great kingdoms coursing through her veins!

NOW FINISH THE STORY.



ness; no prostrate form of the beautifully dark Ioane. Captain Sto groaned.

He attempted to raise himself from his sprawling position on the floor, but his arms weakened and he slumped back with a gasp; and for a minute he lay there, a ghostly feeling at the pit of his stomach, the stagnant odors of foul chemicals clinging to his nostrils. Ya! It was as if it had been a devilish dream! Then, suddenly driven by a thirst for action, Sto began to crawl. As his body moved spasmodically through the vast blackness it was all coming back to him—about Ioane; about the fiendish-looking Eلسian captain.

A great anger possessed him. He didn't feel the biting cold of the stone floor on his hands, or on his bruised knees. Instead, with a sudden start, he became aware that he was crawling along flush against a stone wall, and he continued painfully onward, like a Pragian airship nosing its way through a black cloud.

One, two, three minutes passed. His hands came into contact with

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The BLACK LILY By CORA BALL MOTEN
A Story of Romance and Daring, Laid Nationally Known
in the Intrigue of a Strange South American Cult Serial Writer

The "Inner Circle" Sentry Gives An Ominous Signal

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

John Northington, young adventurer and graduate from Howard University, is wounded by a poison arrow while trying to help his friend and college mate, Ramon Montez, millionaire Indian of South America, save his fiancée from the hands of his fanatical subjects and countrymen, the PRIESTS OF THE BLACK LILY.

Dolores Ramirez, the fiancée, having been warned by the message of the drums that she is to be the object of the attempt, and knowing that the Guards of the LILY also know, attempts to reach and warn Ramon. She is in time to suck the poison from Northington's wound. He kills the guards and they make their way to the opposite side of the river where Ramon's camp is located.

Here they hear the sounds of the torture dance and know Ramon is being put to the torture. They decide to make their escape after the sounds tell Dolores that all is over with Ramon and that the ferocious tribesmen are chasing the "evil one from the village."

They find a pirogue and after killing the sentinel and stripping him they embark. At a wooded point, Northington at the paddle, is startled by a guttural cry and sees a pair of eyes peering from the underbrush into his own.

SECOND INSTALLMENT

John Northington's hand was stricken into frozen immobility for a single tense minute. The next, a wild-eyed, half-naked figure plunged out of the undergrowth and dashed, stumbling and moaning inarticulate cries, directly toward the watercraft.

The last stumbling leap carried him into the shallow water separating the pirogue from the shore.

A great, ugly black head reared out of the oozing mud as he passed. Sharp saber teeth clicked, ominously. A shred of flying grey-green cloth was left waving like some sordid flag of victory between the monstrous jaws, as the head sprawled again into the slime.

The stumbling, plunging figure reached the edge of the water, flung itself in and floundered, panting and sobbing to the side of the pirogue. With torn and bloodstained hands it gripped the side of the sturdy boat.

The paddle in Northington's hands descended with vicious force. A sudden lurch spoiled the aim. What might have been a death blow struck the half-submerged man a smacking lick that half turned his head back and up. The lifted paddle paused with a jerk in its descent for the second blow.

The man who held it uttered an inarticulate cry and dropped his weapon onto the bottom of the boat. With the same movement he stooped and seized the slipping hands in a firm hold.

A low moan trembled across the man's lips. He sagged into unconsciousness. With a mighty straining heave John Northington drew him into the boat. The water closed with a sinister splash over the spot where the big black corrugations of a predatory crocodile's body disappeared under the sluggish surface.

The girl's eyes fluttered open when a dripping form was dropped beside her own. She turned her head with the quick jerk of reflex fear. Her eyes blinked and dilated queerly, as she gazed on the still face. Blood was oozing slowly from a cut high up under the hair line. One arm lay awkwardly limp and twisted half across the chest.

The girl raised herself limply onto her elbow and with a ragged corner of her robe attempted to staunch the oozing blood. Her lips whisperingly caressed a name. "Ramon," she said, and in the word was all the garnered sweetness of the world of human love.

Northington still panting from the exertion of a moment before retrieved the paddle. "Do what you can for him, senorita," he admonished anxiously. "We'd better get away from here. It's a safe bet

that those devils are on his trail and he must be pretty easy to track in his condition." He set his lips grimly and sunk the paddle into the dark water. The movement sent the craft out into the middle of the stream.

Overhead the sun beat down with merciless white heat. The raucous, unmusical cries of brilliantly tinted tropical birds, the chatter of monkeys and the dip-dip of the paddle were the only noises that broke the silence as the pirogue shot along the bosom of the sluggishly flowing river.

Once Northington had stopped and filled a big calabash that was rolling about in the bottom of the craft, with water from the stream. With this the girl bathed her own and Ramon's wounds with much labor and many pauses for strength. Now they both lay in a half stupor of pain and exhaustion on the bottom of the boat inadequately sheltered by the crude awning that Northington had erected.

Ever and anon the man at the paddle would stoop and dash handfuls of sunwarmed water over his own face and arms. But this treatment only seemed to accentuate the heat. His breath was coming in panting gasps. Perspiration streamed into his eyes and half blinded him. The rough cloth of the priest's hood clung in damp folds against his cheeks and rubbed his dripping neck uncomfortably. His muscles ached until it seemed that he could not lift the heavy paddle for another stroke. His eyes burned with the terrible heat and from sleeplessness, but he knew he must keep on.

In the thick tangle of forest and impassable bush on either side of his river path there lurked unknown dangers from man and beast and reptile. The wounded man and girl in the pirogue were worse than useless for help in case of emergency.

Suddenly a faint, long-drawn ululating call seemed to spring from nowhere and everywhere at once. It swelled and died and swelled again ever nearer and nearer until the very tree-tops seemed to quiver and respond to it. Then—it ceased as suddenly as it began.

Like an answering cry a strange throbbing sound began. It beat through the abrupt stillness like the smothered thump-thump of a giant heart irregularly spaced and strangely agitated.

At the first sound the man and girl froze into a tensely compelled attention. When the irregular beating permeated the atmosphere and seemed to spread and throb from every point of the compass that attention stiffened and appeared to draw itself together like the concen-

tration of a pointing dog. It was as if the sounds carried some message of life or death to the listeners.

John Northington, looking down at them, ceased for a moment from his arduous task and leaned heavily on the thick handle of the paddle in questioning attention.

As the last sinister throb died away in a long muffled roll, the two,

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